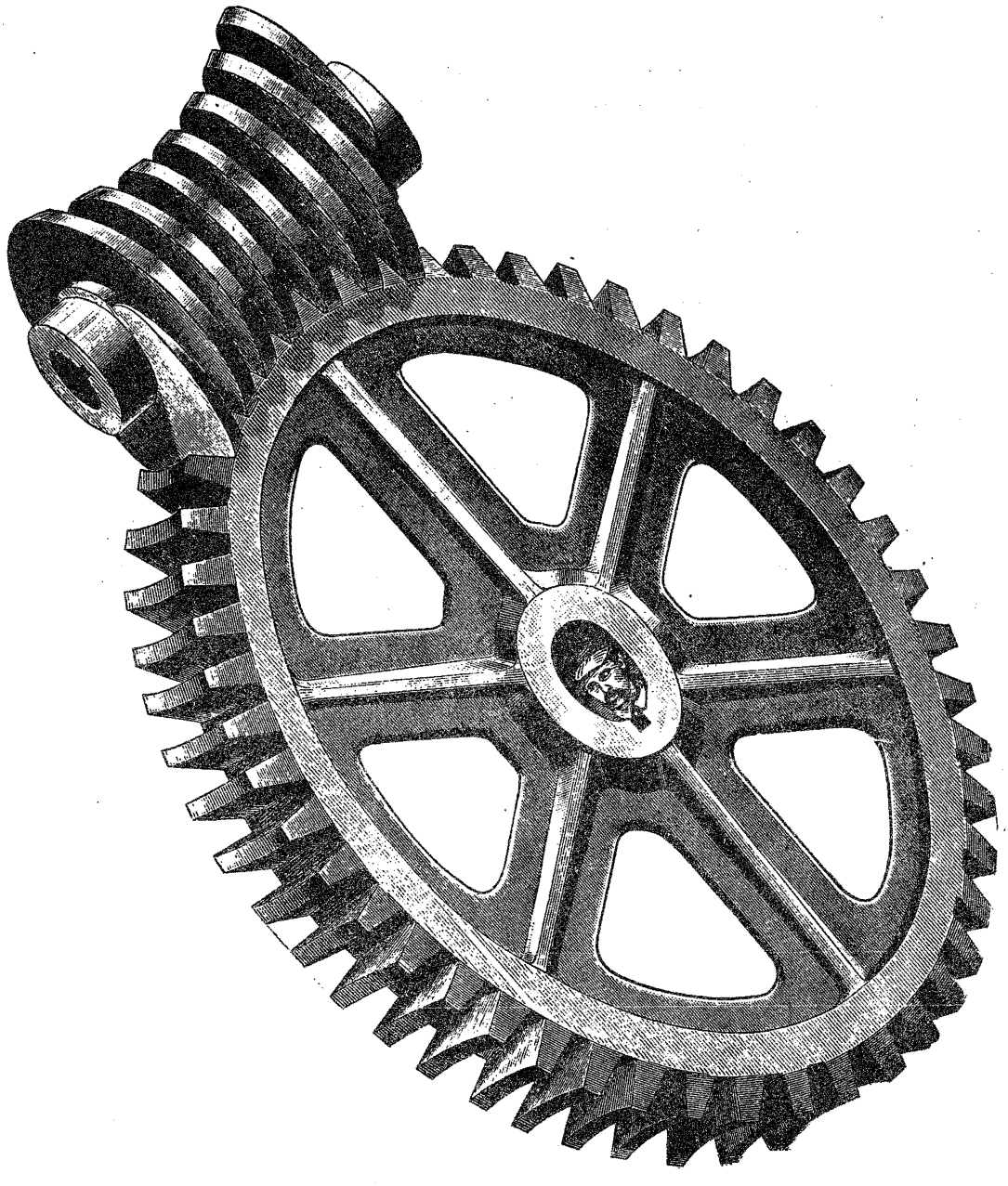
OUTLAW

POETRY & REVOLUTION

poetry & revolution

It was Romanticism that re-discovered the marvelous and gave it a revolutionary significance which it has kept to this day, and which has allowed it to live - like an outlaw, but to live, nevertheless. I say outlaw because the real poet cannot be recognized as such if he does not oppose the world in which he lives by total nonconformism. He combats everyone, including the revolutionists who take a purely political viewpoint - which must necessarily be isolated from the cultural movement as a whole - and who advance the idea that culture should give way to the attainment of the social revolution. There is not a single poet or artist, conscious of his place in society, who does not think that this urgently needed and indispensable revolution is the key of the future. However, the idea of submitting poetry and all culture dictatorially to a political movement seems to me as reactionary as to want to keep them separated from politics. The "ivory tower" is only one face of the obscurantists coin - the other face is "proletarian art". While the reactionaries would like to make poetry the lay equivalent of religious prayer, the revolutionists are too apt to confuse it with publicity. The poet of today has no other choice than to be a revolutionist or not to be a poet, for he must constantly hurl himself into the unknown; the step he took yesterday in no way dispenses with the one he will take tomorrow, since every day everything has to be begun all over again. Even what he acquired in sleep turns to ashes on awakening. There is no secure movement - there, where he has nothing to receive, neither praise nor laurels, but where he has to give all his strength to the task of beating down the barricades of habit and routine - barricades which keep on rising. Today he must be the "accursed" poet. This malediction cast at him by society points out his revolutionary position; but he will come out of his enforced reserve and be placed at the head of society when it has been split from top to bottom, and when it will have recognized the common human origin of both poetry and science. Then the poet, with the active and passive collaboration of the people, will create marvelously exalting myths that will send the entire world out to the assault of the Unknown.

BENJAMIN PERET



the Right to be Lazy

Dada demands the introduction of progressive unemployment through comprehensive mechanization of every field of activity. Only by unemployment does it become possible for the individual to achieve certainty as to the truth and finally become accustomed to experience.

I consider America responsible for that shame of our age: the glorification of work, that stupid ideology which has engendered the idea of material progress and the disdain of every utopia or poetry tending toward the perfection of the human soul... I cannot help opposing those influences, still possible on the soil of our putre-

faction,with the omnipotence of the spirit,its dictatorship,the most violent lunge forward,the idea,and the most creative of actions - idleness.

... Tristan Tzara

Let us be lazy in everything,except in loving and drinking,except in being lazy.

... Lessing

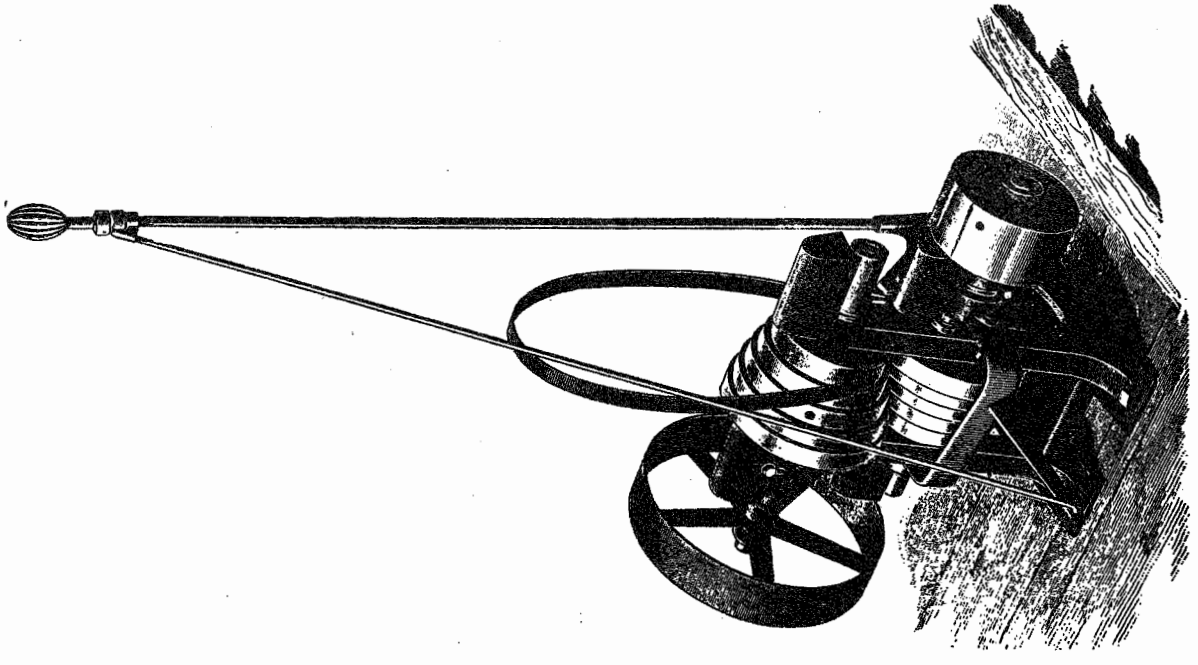
A strange delusion possesses the working classes of the nations where capitalist civilization holds its sway. This delusion drags in its train the individual and social woes which for two centuries have tortured sad humanity. This delusion is the love of work,the furious passion for work,pushed even to the exhaustion of the vital force of the individual and his progeny. Instead of opposing this mental aberration, the priests,the economists and the moralists have cast a sacred halo over work.

In capitalist society work is the cause of all intellectual degeneracy,of all organic deformity. Look at the noble savage whom the missionaries of trade and the traders of religion have not yet corrupted with Christianity,syphilis and the dogma of work,and then look at our miserable slaves of machines. When,in our civilized Europe,we would find a trace of the native beauty of man,we must go seek it in the nations where economic prejudices have not yet uprooted the hatred of work.

Jehovah the bearded and angry god,gave his worshipers the supreme example of ideal laziness; after six days of work,he rests for all eternity.

And meanwhile the proletariat,the great class embracing all the producers of civilized nations,the class which in freeing itself will free humanity from servile toil and will make of the human animal a free being, - the proletariat,betraying its instincts,despising its historic mission,has let itself be perverted by the dogma of work. Rude and terrible has been its punishment. All its individual and social woes are born of its passion for work.

Our epoch has been called the century of work. It is in fact the century of pain,misery and corruption. Thus to the strain of an insufferably long day - at least fifteen hours - is added for these wretches the fatigue of the painful daily journeys. Consequently they reach home overwhelmed by the need of sleep,and next day they rise before they are completely rested in order to reach the factory by the opening time.



In France after its revolution of 1789,which had proclaimed the pompous Rights of Man "factories where the day was sixteen hours,out of which the labourers were allowed only an hour and a half for meals." And the economists go on repeating to the labourers,"Work to increase social wealth and your individual poverty; work,work,in order that by becoming poorer,you may have more reason to work and become miserable. Such is the inexorable law of capitalist production. Because,lending ear to the fallacious words of the economists,the proletarians have given themselves up body and soul to the vice of work,they precipitate the whole of society into these industrial crisis of over-production which convulse the social organism.

At last the crash comes and the warehouses disgorge. Then so much merchandise is thrown out of the window that you cannot imagine how it came in by the door. Hundreds of millions are required tp figure the value of the goods that are destroyed. They are burned or thrown into the water.

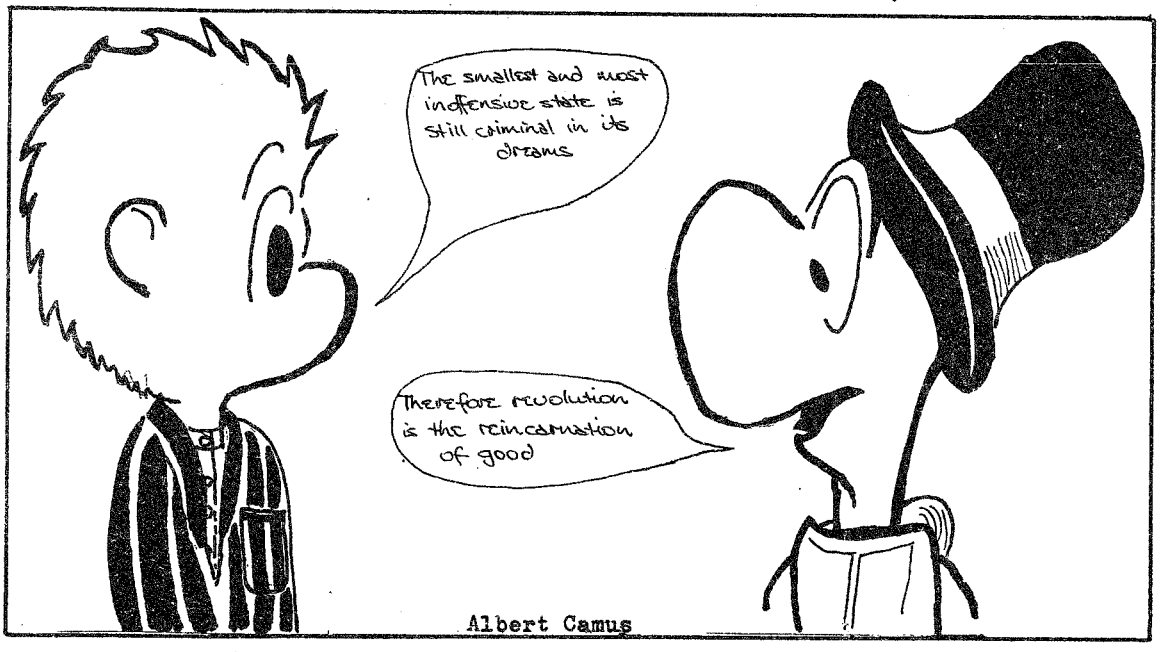
But before reaching this decision,the manufacturers travel the world over in search of markets for the goods that are heaping up. They force their government to annex Congo,to seize Tonquin,to batter down the Chinese wall with cannon shots to make an outlet for their cotton goods. There is a surplus of capital as well as of goods. The financiers no

longer know where to place it. Then they go among the happy nations who are loafing in the sun smoking cigarettes and they lay down railroads, erect factories and import the curse of work.

These individual and social miseries,however great and innumerable they may be,however eternal they appear,will vanish like hyenas and jackals at the approach of the lion,when the proletariat shall say 'I will'. But to arrive at the realization of its strength the proletariat must trample under foot the prejudices of Christian ethics and economic ethics. It must return to its natural instincts,it must proclaim the Rights of Laziness,a thousand times more noble and more sacred than the anaemic Rights of Man concocted by the metaphysical lawyers of the bourgeois revolution. It must accustom itself to working but three hours a day,reserving the rest of the day and night for leisure and feasting.

The blind,perverse and murderous passion for work transforms the liberating machine into an instrument for the enslavement of free men. Its productiveness impoverishes them.

A good workingwoman makes with her needles only five meshes a minute, while certain circular knitting machines make 30,000 in the same time. Every minute of the machine is thus equivalent to a 100 hours of the workingwomen's labour,or again,every minute of the machine's labour, gives the workingwomen ten days of fest. What is true for the knitting industry is more or less true for all industries reconstructed by modern machinery. But what do we see? In proportion as the machine is improved and performs man's work with an ever increasing rapidity and exactness, the labourer,instead of prolonging his former rest times,redoubles his


The smallest and most inoffensive state is still criminal in its dreams
Therefore revolution is the reincarnation of good
Albert Camus

ardour,as if he wished to rifle the machine. Murderous and absurd competition! And the times when man cramps his stomach and the machine enlarges its output are the very times when the economists preach to us the Malthusian theory,the religion of abstinence and the dogma of work. Really it would be better to pluck out such tongues and throw them to the dogs.

Once settled down into absolute laziness and demoralized by enforced enjoyment,the capitalist class in spite of the injury involved in its new kind of life,adapted itself to it. Soon it began to look upon any change with horror. The sight of the miserable conditions of life resignedly accepted by the working class and the sight of the organic degradation engendered by the depraved passion for work increased its aversion to all compulsory labour and all restrictions of its pleasures. It is precisely at that time that,without taking into account the demoralization which the capitalist class had imposed upon itself as a social duty,the proletarians took it into their heads to inflict work on the capitalists. They took seriously the theories of work proclaimed by the economists and moralists,and girded up their loins to inflict the practice of these theories upon the capitalists. The proletariat hoistered the banner -- "He who will not work neither shall he eat." Lyon in 1831 rose up for bullets or work. The federated laborours of March 1871 called their uprising "The Revolution of Work". To these outbreaks of barborous fury destructive of all capitalist joy and laziness,the capitalists had no other answer than ferocious repression, but they know that if they have been able to repress these revolutionary explosions,they have not drowned in the blood of these gigantic massacres the absurd idea of the proletariat wishing to inflict work upon the idle classes,and it is to invert this misfortune that they surround themselves with guards,policemen,magistrates and jailers,supported in laborious unproductiveness.

Our epoch will be called "Age of adulteration" just as the first epochs of humanity received the names of "The age of Stone","The Age of Bronze",from the character of their production. Certain ignorant people accuse our pious manufacturers of fraud,while in reality the thought which animates them is to furnish work to their labourers,who cannot resign themselves to living with their arms folded. These adulterations,whose sole motive is a humanitarian sentiment,but which bring splendid profits to the manufacturers who practice them,if they are disastrous for the quality of the goods,if they are an inexhaustible source of waste in human labour,nevertheless prove the ingenuous philanthropy of the capitalists,and the horrible perversion of the labourers,who to gratify their vice for work oblige the manufacturers

to stifle the cries of their conscience and to violate even the laws of commercial honesty.

And nevertheless, in spite of the overproduction of goods, in spite of the adulterations in manufacturing, the labourers encumber the market in countless numbers imploring: Work! Work! Their superabundance ought to compel them to bridle their passion; on the contrary it carries it to the point of paroxysm.

Since the vice of work is diabolically attached to the heart of the labourers, since its requirements stifle all the other instincts of nature, since the quantity of work required by society is necessarily limited by consumption and by the supply of raw materials, why devour in six months the work of a whole year; why not distribute it uniformly over the twelve months and force every workingman to content himself with six or five hours a day throughout the year instead of getting indigestion from twelve hours during six months? Once assured of their daily portion of work, the labourers will no longer be jealous of each other, no longer fight to snatch away work from each other's hands and bread from each other's mouths, and then, not exhausted in body and mind, they will begin in practice the virtues of laziness.

Cannot the labourers understand that by over-working themselves, that absorbed and brutalized by this single vice they are no longer men but pieces of men, that they kill within themselves all beautiful faculties, to leave nothing alive and flourishing except the furious madness for work.

Work ought to be forbidden and not imposed. The Rothchilds and other capitalists should be allowed to bring testimony to the fact that throughout their whole lives they have been perfect vagabonds, and if they swear they wish to continue to live as perfect vagabonds in spite of the general mania for work, they should be pensioned and should receive every morning at the city hall a five-dollar gold piece for their pocket money. Social discords will vanish. Bond holders and capitalists will be first to rally to the popular party, once convinced that far from wishing them harm, its purpose is rather to relieve them of the labour of over-consumption and waste, with which they have been overwhelmed since their birth. As for the capitalists who are incapable of proving their title to the name of vagabond, they will be allowed to follow their instincts. There are plenty of disgusting occupations in which to place them.

But vengeance, harsh and prolonged, will be heaped upon the moralists who have perverted nature, the bigots, the canters, the hypocrites, "and other such sects of men who disguise themselves like maskers to deceive the world. The members of the Academy, of moral and political sciences,

the priests with long robes and short,of the economic,catholic, protestant and jewish church; the propagandists of Christian,altruistic ethics,clothed in yellow,shall be compelled to hold a candle until it burns their fingers,shall starve in sight of tables loaded with meats, fruits and flowers and shall agonize with thirst in sight of flowing hogsheds. Four times a year with the changing seasons they shall be shut up like the knive grinders' dogs in great wheels and condemned to grind wind for ten hours. The lawyers and legislators shall suffer the same punishment. Under the regime of idleness,to kill the time,which kills us second by second,there will be shows and theatrical performances always and always. And here we have the very work for our bourgeois legislators. We shall organize them into traveling companies to go to the fairs and villages,giving legislative exhibitions. The generals in riding boots,their breasts brilliantly decorated with medals and crosses shall go through the streets and courts levying recruits among the good people. In the presence of the voters with wooden heads and asses' ears, the bourgeois candidates,dressed as clowns,will dance the dance of political liberties,wiping themselves fore and aft with their freely promising electoral programs,and talking with tears in their eyes of the miseries of the people.

If,uprooting from its heart the vic e which dominates it and degrades its nature,the working class were to arise in its terrible strength,not to demand the Rights of Man,which are but the Rights of capitalist exploitation,not to demand the Right to Work which is but the right to misery,but to forge a brazen law forbidding any man to work more than three hours a day,the earth,the old earth,trembling with joy would feel a new universe leaping within her. But how should we ask a proletariat corrupted by capitalist ethics,to take a manly solution.

The best way to educate oneself is to become part of the revolution. - Ernesto Ché Guevara

Our moralists are very modest people. If they invented the dogma of work, they still have doubts of its efficacy in tranquilizing the soul, rejoicing the spirit, and maintaining the proper functioning of the entrails & other organs. They wish to try its workings on the populace, before turning it against the capitalists, to excuse and authorize whose vices is their peculiar mission. But, you, three-for-a-cent philosophers, why thus cudgel your brains to work out an ethics the practice of which you dare not counsel to your masters? Your dogma is work, of which you are so proud, do you wish to see it scoffed at, dishonored? Let us open the history of ancient peoples and the writings of their philosophers and law givers. "I could not affirm," says the father of history, Herodotus, "whether the Greeks derived from the Egyptians the contempt which they have for work, because I find the same contempt which they have for work, established among the Thracians, the Cythians, the Persians, the Lydians." The ancient philosophers had their disputes upon the origins of ideas but they agreed when it came to the abhorrence for work. In his "Economics", Xenophon writes, "The people who give themselves up to manual labour are never promoted to public offices, and with good reason. The greater part of them, condemned to be seated the whole day long, some even to endure the heat of the fire continually, cannot fail to be changed in body, and it is almost inevitable that the mind is affected." "What honourable thing can come out of a shop?" asks Cicero. "What can commerce produce in the way of honour? Everything called shop is unworthy of an honourable man. Merchants can gain no profit without lying, and what is more shameful than falsehood? Again, we must regard as something base and vile the trade of those who sell their toil and industry, for whoever gives his labour for money sells himself and puts himself in the ranks of slaves."

Proletarians, brutalized by the dogma of work, listen to the voice of these philosophers, which has been concealed from you with jealous care: A citizen who gives his labour for money degrades himself to the rank of slaves, he commits a crime which deserves years of imprisonment.

Aristotle foresaw: that if every tool could by itself execute its proper function, as the masterpieces of Daedalus moved themselves or as the tripods of Vulcan set themselves spontaneously at their sacred work; if for example the shuttles of the weavers did their own weaving, the foreman of the workshop would have no more need of helpers, nor the

masters of slaves." Aristotle's dream is our reality. Our machines,with breath of fire,with limbs of unwearying steel,with fruitfulness, wonderful,inexhaustible,accomplish by themselves with docility their sacred labour. And nevertheless the genius of the great philosophers of capitalism remains dominated by the prejudice of the wage system,worst of slaveries. They do not yet understand that the machine is the saviour of humanity,the god who shall redeem man from the sordidae artes and from working for hire,the god who shall give him leisure and liberty.

Capitalist ethics,a pitiful parody on Christian ethics,strikes with its anathema the flesh of the labourer; its ideal is to reduce the producer to the smallest number of needs,to suppress his joys and his passions and to condemn him to play the part of a machine turning out work without respite and without thanks.

The revolutionary socialists must take up again the battle fought by the philosophers and pamphleteers of the bourgeoisie; they must march up to the assault of the ethics and the social theories of capitalism; they must demolish in the heads of the class which they call to action the prejudices sown in them by the ruling class; they must proclaim in the faces of the hypocrites all the ethical systems that the earth shall cease to be the vale of tears for the labourer; that in the communist society of the future,which we shall establish "peaceably if we may; forcibly if we must," the impulses of man will be given a free reign,for "all these impulses are by nature good,we have nothing to avoid but their misuse and their excesses,"and they will not be avoided except by their mutual counter-balancing,by the harmonious development of the human organism,for as Dr.Beddoe says,"It is only when a race reaches its maximum of physical development,that it arrives at its highest point of energy and moral vigor." Such was also the opinion of the great naturalist Charles Darwin.

Sainte-Pelagie Prison,1883.

Paul Lafargue

PAUL LAFARGUE was a French socialist,intimate friend of Engels,and son-in-law of Karl Marx. Born in Cuba of a planter's family,he had negro blood from his father's side. (Marx called him his "medical creole"). He studied medicine and started practice but gave it up because he said that it was impossible to carry on without a certain amount of charlatanry. He was known chiefly as a writer of propaganda and the best popularizer of the theories of Marx and Engels

His devotion to his wife Laura was extrodinary. In 1911 they committed suicide together by means of morphia injection,stating that their useful lives were over.

joel elenberg

children of desire

The children of desire
Cut the tongue of reason with glowing knives
Suck blood from each others veins
Celebrate the ceremony of desire

Insanity laughs to the tune of machineguns

The children of darkness
Crawl into each others bodies
Taste the sweet fruit of decay
Kiss the firm breasts before time changed
Them into udders of old age

Exhausted arms around thin necks
Sleep on each others nakedness

The branches of death rot
They are forgotten for one hour
They are forgotten for one sweet hour
They are imprisoned in one hour of desire...

werner pick

middle class blues

(Translated into the English by Werner Pick)

we can't complain.
we are busy.
we are fed.
we eat.

the grass grows,
the gross national product,
the fingernail,
the past.

the streets are empty.
the business transactions are perfect.
the sirens are silent.
that will pass.

the dead made their will.
the rain has eased.
war is not yet declared.
that can wait.

we eat the grass.
we eat the gross national product.
we eat the fingernails.
we eat the past.

we have nothing to hide.
we aren't missing anything.
we have nothing to say.
we have.

the clock is wound.
the affairs are in order.
the plates are washed.
the last bus goes past.

it is empty.

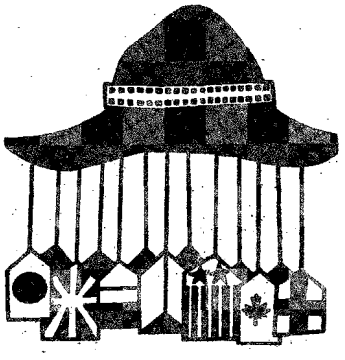
we cannot complain.

For what are we waiting?

Hans Magnus Enzensberger

could you kill a dog with a hammer?
would you stammer when you crushed the skull of a child?
and if you fought a man to death/with boots/would you be
    beguiled by his blood?
and when you've stabbed and stabbed your unfaithful lover/would
you feel mild and calm ,like after a bloodygood screw?
or would you blubber to insanity?
some people do.
some people do.

- shelton lea



To Jimmy Hendrix,Janis Joplin,George Jackson,
Niel Collingburn & all the casualties of the
fight for life.

Cromwell may have said
    love your enemy
        but keep your powder dry.

you say we have guns hidden
    but our only real weapon
        is our refusal
to lie we can say NO
    and our advantage
        is that we know
how to die we are not frightened

    and you are

we die every day
    every second
        every breath
we live every day
    every second
        every death.

- geoff Eggleston

song for ho chi minh

revolution
    meaning
        feeding the masses
        mouthfuls of love
        & fighting when fighting
        is the necessary thing

beating the iron-clad centurion
stainless steel amerika)

question:what is
a pre-revolutionary situation:

        many many million
        empty rice bowls.

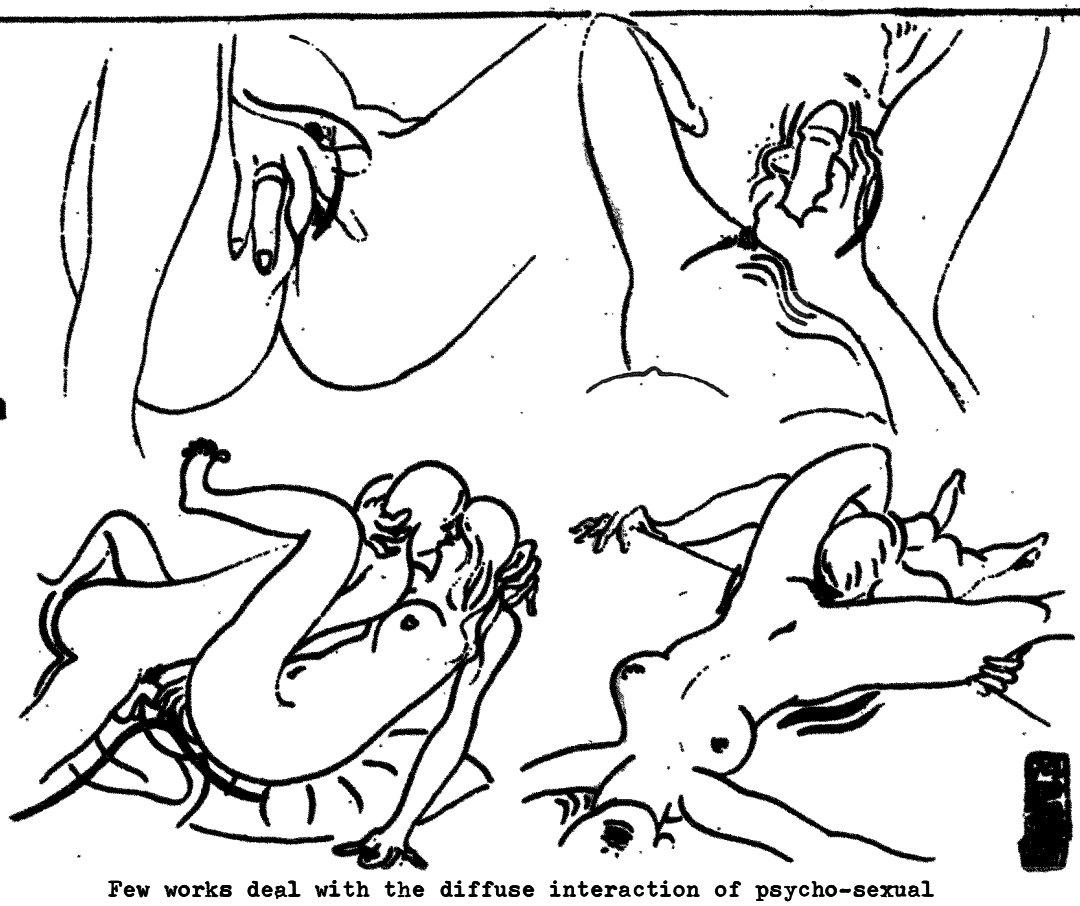
- tim pigott

wilhelm reich

review

brett whiteley

graphix



Few works deal with the diffuse interaction of psycho-sexual and socio-political factors that manifest themselves in the economic and social life of a state, and scarcely any of such works can be considered monumental. The long out-of-print 'Mass Psychology of Fascism' is indeed such a work,and it is once again available.

This book, Wilhelm Reich's greatest work and perhaps the most significant contribution to the subject of mass psychology, relentlessly traces the development of the authoritarian family structure, sexual repression, religion and numerous other forces that contribute to the power, acceptance and maintenance of a fascist (or Stalinist) state. Reich's insights are invaluable, for the role of sexual repression must be understood if fascism is to be combatted. The rejection of Reich's work by vulgar Marxists is further propf that we are here confronted with dialectical thinking operating so dynamically that the foolish purveyors of Marxist platitudes,confronted with their own repressions, and forced into even more sterile interpretations of Marx's teachings. Those who are capable of grasping the wealth of factors involved in dynamic political theory, those who realise the

tremendous role played sexually in the formation of all structures, in the character of individuals as well as of the state, will find Reich's 'Mass Psychology of Fascism' to be one of the most successful studies produced by the syntheses of the teachings of Freud and Marx.

"The dictatorship of the proletariat in the sense of Lenin was to be that authority which had to be created for the abolition of any kind of authority...It differed basically from the fascist ideology of dictatorship in that it set itself the task of undermining itself, that is, of replacing authoritarian leadership by social self-regulation.

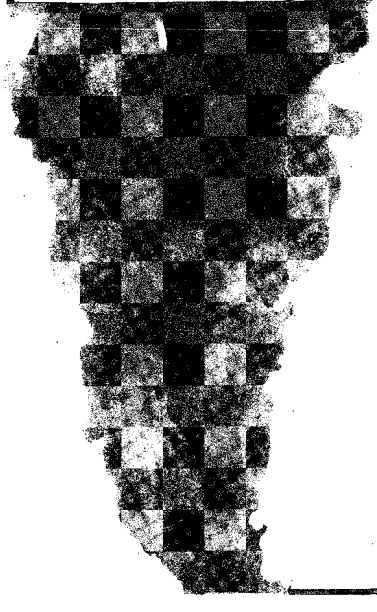
Its task was - apart from the establishment of the economic pre-requisites of social democracy - the alteration of human structure. True, this is not what Lenin called it, but this alteration of structure was an essential and integral part of his sociological theory. According to this, the task of the social revolution is not only that of eliminating external and actual serfdom but that of making people structurally incapable of serfdom.

- Wilhelm Reich

werner pick

And the clouds are crumbling
And the rain is indecisive
And the stars are outraged
And the shoe-lace seller is having a nightmare
They're nailing the top onto the coffin
They're bringing darkness into the world
We'd rather think of our itchy corns
Our running noses
Our flea-bites
Our measles,our heart-beats,our ink-spots
And joy-tears and old age
Normality!

The conformist is a safe man
He never harms anyone
But when the water reaches his smooth neck
He will be the first to cry for help



Melting skin in the hell of this century
Anger blown by the fear of the monsters
Crippled the brothers pick up pieces
And sing songs with cracked lips

Bodies pressed in the coldness of metal
Broken by merciless hammering

Time is dressed in rags
Death is everything

Joy has been nailed to the coffins
The pessimistic blacksmith of humanity
Has worked without sleep

Hope is the teeth of freedom.

Though I never really was one of those who think
Urbanely - in politics, that even more important
Than holding, as we must, impeccable liberal opinions
Is never to do anything whatsoever about them;
All the same, here I am at a party - your party -
One hand just at the top of the cleft of your buttocks,
Talking revolution with a friend of your other lover
And drinking all the time the blood of the third world.

WE HAVE negotiated nothing in four years but the shape of the conference table.

— American spokesman for negotiators at Vietnam Paris peace talks.

liberal democracy

The English, worshipping fair play,
Would cut a badger's jaw away
To give the dogs a dog's chance,
Then turn him loose. But men advance
In wisdom with prosperity
And badgers keep their mouths today.

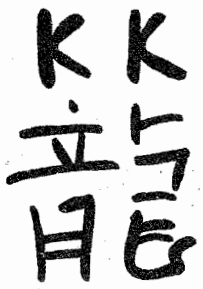
Do anything you want and can,
There's nobody going to stop you, man.
And when you ask for liberty
They're very pleased to set you free.
If you don't believe me, try
This and you'll discover why:
Don't hammer on an open door -
Just search your face for your bottom jaw

brian medlin

suzy sarovich

windy skulls of fathers perch on hillside stone
eyeless staring at the flickering red of change
the blood of their indulgence has dried in their mouths
like sultans bedded in an aching cave

their purple solitude rotting
in the rising heat



history limps through the lifetimes of a million men
slow green fading into black of oblivion
annihilation served by breeding beggars of peace
who slaughtered wisdom

the time-count is circular

eternity appears in a lucid orgasm of violence

the sea -
a brooding hunchback
gathering vengeance
against the fickle land

men are lost

roaming on splintered plains of ice
their visions spent - scattered
in the clawed staccato rhythms of death

the boundless sea has tired of waiting

uncertain advice

by PORCUPINE

Cut off all the Customs officials before they destroy all our manuscripts and operating manuals. Cut away all the flat-chested interference of young polka-dot maidens who can't make Hollywood, and innocence shall dance more wildly, far more naturally. Cut aut all the liberals and paste them in your scrap-book. Cut the apple-pie, and restore a new order.

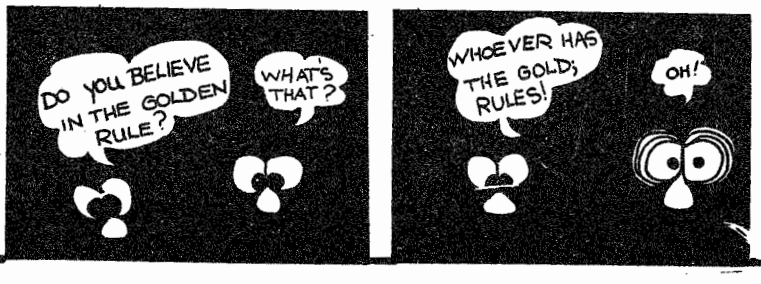
Let's be gone - we must be guiding strangers through this inland country of eroding rice-fields, and burnt rubber-jungles. I cannot answer such difficult questions simply by reading their hand-written narratives in mute sophistication. That is just bookshop socialism. Centuries of history are flung into an ever-present whirlpool without considering the possible futures. We are now standing still, and the scene is: Cut.

It is the future of our children: The grandparents have alligned themselves against the first generation. The first lesson they had to teach was: 'Be tenacious in all things', but must we harbour old thoughts and habits? And will the grandchildren of Stalin again be lured to Stalin, just as the grand-children of Lenin return to Lenin, whose memory was defiled in the first years after his death?

Our children are natural poets: But they always paint the sky blue. They are natural dancers: Follow their footsteps, and you'll be lost in the darkest forest. They laugh and cry without knowing the world is bullet-ridden. An old poet will take the sun and moon out of his dusty pocket, and feed them automatically into a slote machine: he had the same routine as a child. Like a lukewarm politician with his tailored crewcut, he has used his power and influence to escape from freedom. We, and our children, must be the passion and freedom of life; but, we must do more than simply melt the shackles. After we've done away with the mangrove alliance, we must guard the ebb of our rising tide.

Along the path of children's footsteps, a lonely crowd gathers and scatters, menstrually. The crowd is blurred by the fog, but their stifled voice tells us that their white hands will no longer contain the Universe. The children now split unevenly, yet they slide violently over the crowd, and across the one street in the world. The crowd moves horizontally in a direct line to the rear of the children. We tell them we must go. They go then to the sand-castle, which is lost to the smooth beach in the flowing tide.

The new independent film of Dziga-Vertog is cut and rejoined to the point where the crowd sells its silver coins for something of value.



discovered in a dream

a list of libertarian-left objects

I : a clock without hands

2 : a black flag,a torn manuscript

3 : a tongue ripped from the mouth of
an ambitious small-time demagogue

4 : the left eye of an embittered prophet
who was neither crucified nor believed

5 : wall posters from China,Cuba & the
Sorbonne,I968; street poems & handbills
from the american underground

6 : fire in an art gallery
a police station exploding
the liberation of a lunatic asylum
as an act of political asylum

7 : the silence of lonely children & of
the dark-haired girl who waits on the
railroad station for 'the train that
never comes'

8 : the erotic rituals & sexual daydreams
of a libertarian adolescent cocaine addict

9 : a man in an empty street

IO : the society of the spectactle awakened
into life by an idea of total destruction
against the mind of modern man.

tim pigott

gale shin

WHY TRIBE?

We use the term Tribe because it suggests the type of new society now emerging within the industrial nations. In America of course the word has associations with the American Indians, which we like. This new subculture is in fact more similar to that ancient and successful tribe, the European Gypsies - A group without nation or territory which maintains its own values, its language and religion, no matter what country it may be in.

The Tribe proposes a totally different style: based on community houses, villages and ashrams; tribe-run farms or workshops or companies; large open families; pilgrimages and wanderings from center to center. A synthesis of Gandhian "village anarchism" and I.W.W. syndicalism. Interesting visionary pamphlets along these lines were written several years ago by Gandhians Richard Gregg and Appa Patwardhan. The Tribe proposes personal responsibilities rather than abstract centralized government, taxes and 'advertising agency plus Mafia' type international brainwashing corporations.

In the United States and Europe the Tribe has evolved gradually over the last fifty years - since the end of World War I - in response to the increasing insanity of the modern nations. As the number of alienated intellectuals, creative types and general social misfits grew, they came to recognize each other by various mimite signals. Much of this energy was channeled into Communism in the thirties and early forties. All the anarchists and left-deviationists - and many Trotskyites - were tribesmen at heart. After World War II, another generation looked at Communist rhetoric with a fresh eye and saw that within the Communist governments (and states of mind) there are too many of the same things as are wrong with "capitalism" - too much anger and murder. The suspicion grew that perhaps the whole Western Tradition, of which Marxism is but a (Millennial Protestant) part, is off the track. This led many people to study other major civilizations - India and China - to see what they could learn.

It's an easy step from the dialectic of Marx and Hegel to an interest in the dialectic of early Taoism, The I Ching, and the yin-ynag theories. From Taoism it is another easy step to the philosophies and mythologies of India - vast, touching the deepest areas of the mind, and with a view of the ultimate nature of the universe which is almost identical with the most sophisticated thought in modern physics - that truth, whatever it is, which is called "The Dharma".

Next comes a concern with deepening one's understanding in an experimental way: abstract philosophical understanding is simply not enough. At this point many, myself included, found in the Buddha-Dharma a practical method for clearing one's mind of the trivia, prejudices and false values that our conditioning had laid on us - and more important, an approach to the basic problem of how to penetrate to the deepest non-self Self. Today we have many who are exploring the Ways of Zen, Vajrayana, Yoga, Shamanism, Psychedelics. The Buddah-Dharma is a long, gentle, human dialog - 2,500 years of quiet conversation - on the nature of human nature and the eternal Dharma - and practical methods of realization.

In the course of these studies it became evident that the "truth" in Buddhism and Hinduism is not dependent in any sense on Indian or Chinese culture: and that "India" and "China" - as societies - are as

as long as there are no myths accepted by the ever provoking any revolutionary movement.

burdensome to human beings as any others; perhaps more so. It became clear that "Hinduism" and "Buddhism as social institutions had long been accomplices of the State in burdening and binding people, rather than serving to liberate them. Just like the other Great Religions.

At this point, looking once more quite closely at history both East and West, some of us noticed the similarities in certain small but influential heretical and esoteric movements. These schools of thought and practice were usually suppressed, or diluted and made harmless, in whatever society they appeared. Peasant witchcraft in Europe , Tantrism in Bangal, Quakers in England, Tachikawa-ryu in Japan, Ch'an in China. These are all outcroppings of the Great Subculture which runs underground all through history. This is the tradition that runs without break from Paleo-Siberian Shamanism and Magdalenian cave-painting; through megaliths and Mysters, astronomers, ritualists, alchemists and Albigensians; gnostics and vagantes, right down to Golden Gate Park.

The Great Subculture has been attached in part to the offical religions but is different in that it transmits a community style of life, with an ecstatically positive vision of spiritual and physical love: and is opposed for very fundamental reasons to the Civilization Establishment.

It has taught that man's natural being is to be trusted and followed, that we need not look to model or rule imposed from outside in searching for the centre; and that in following the grain, one is being truly "moral". It has recognized that forone to "follow the grain" it is necessary to look exhaustively into the negative and demonic potential of the Unconscious, and by recognizing these powers - symbolically acting them out - one releases himself from these forces. By this profound exorcism and ritual drama, the Great Subculture destroys the one credible claim of Church and State to a necessary function.

All this is subversive to civilization: for civilization is built on hierarchy and specialization. A ruling class, to survive, must propose a Law: a law to work must have a hook into the social psyche - and the most effective way to achieve this is to make people doubt their natural worth and instincts, especially sexual. To make "human nature" suspect is also to make Nature - the wilderness - the adversary. Hence the ecological crisis of today.

We came, therefore, (and with many Western thinkers before us) to suspect that civilization may be overvalued. Before anyone says "this is ridiculous, we all know civilization is a necessary thing", let him read some cultural anthropology. Take a look at the lives of South African Bushmen. Micronesian navigators, the Indians of California; the reseraches of Claude Levi-Strauss. Everything we have thought about welfare needs to be rethought. The Tribe, it seems, is the newest development in the Great Subculture. We have almost unintentionally linked ourselves to a transmission of gnosis, a potential social order, and techniques of enlightenment, surviving from prehistoric tribes.

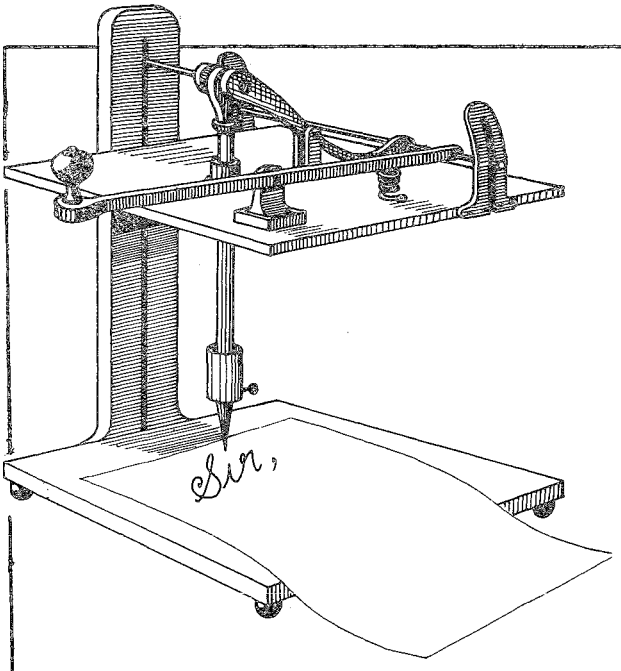
The most advanced developments of modern science and technology have come to support some of these views. Consequently the modern Tribesman, rather than being old-fashioned in his criticism of civilization, is the most relevant type in contemporary society. Nationalism, warfare, heavy industry and consumership, are already outdated and useless. The next great step fo mankind is to step into the nature of his own mind - the real question is "just what is consciousness?" -

masses, one may go on talking of revolts indefinitely, without
George Sorel "Reflections on Violence".

and we must make the most intelligent and creative use of science in exploring these questions. The man of wide international experiences much learning and leisure - luxurious product of our long and sophisticated history - may with good reason wish to live simply, with few tools and minimal clothes, close to nature.

The Revolution has ceased to be an ideological concern. Instead, people are trying it out right now - communism in small communities, new family organization. A million people in America and another million in England and Europe. A vast underground in Russia, which will come out in the open four or five years hence, is now biding. How do they recognize each other? Not always by beards, long hair, bare feet or beads. The signal is a bright and tender look; calmness and gentleness, freshness and ease of manner. Men, women and children - all of whom together hope to follow the timeless path of love and wisdom, in affectionate company with the sky, winds, clouds, trees, waters, animals and grasses - this is the tribe.

- Gary Snyder
american poet



- Ernest De Gengenbach
'Judas ou le vampire surrealiste'

Do not deceive yourself...
The surrealists are veritable intellectual terrorists.
They derive from the Comte de Lautreamont,a nihilist,author of 'Les Chants de Maldodor' and from the Marquis de Sade,both famous for their delirious writings in favor of all that is horrible,cruel or monstrous. The surrealists form a veritable clan of poets and artists. They attack Religion,insult the Pope,spit on priests; they attack the army,renounce their country; they abuse,in an uncouth and filthy manner,members of the French Academy; ridicule the appointed administration of the Sorbonne,of Parliament, the Bar,the Medical profession. They proudly claim for themselves the title of barbarians,arsonists,destroyers. They demand the opening of prisons,the liberation of madmen. They extol the total anarchy of desire.

SMASH THE DRAFT

As I believe conscription is wrong I felt I should not register for it; to do so would be to participate in a law I think is wrong.....

It is argued that conscription is necessary for the defence of freedom. But those who are conscripted are not free and in the final result of war,there is freedom only for the conquerer Therefore,I support neither side in the Vietnam conflict. But Vietnam and conscription are two different issues.

Practically conscription could probably be ended if enough refused to register and accepted the consequences of this action.....

I feel conscription is wrong because I am an Anarchist : that is,I believe that a man must always do what he feels is right regardless of whether this is approved by the State.

Morally,anarchism is the result of two main ideas - of believing that a person should act as they think right,and that a person has not the right to coerce others.

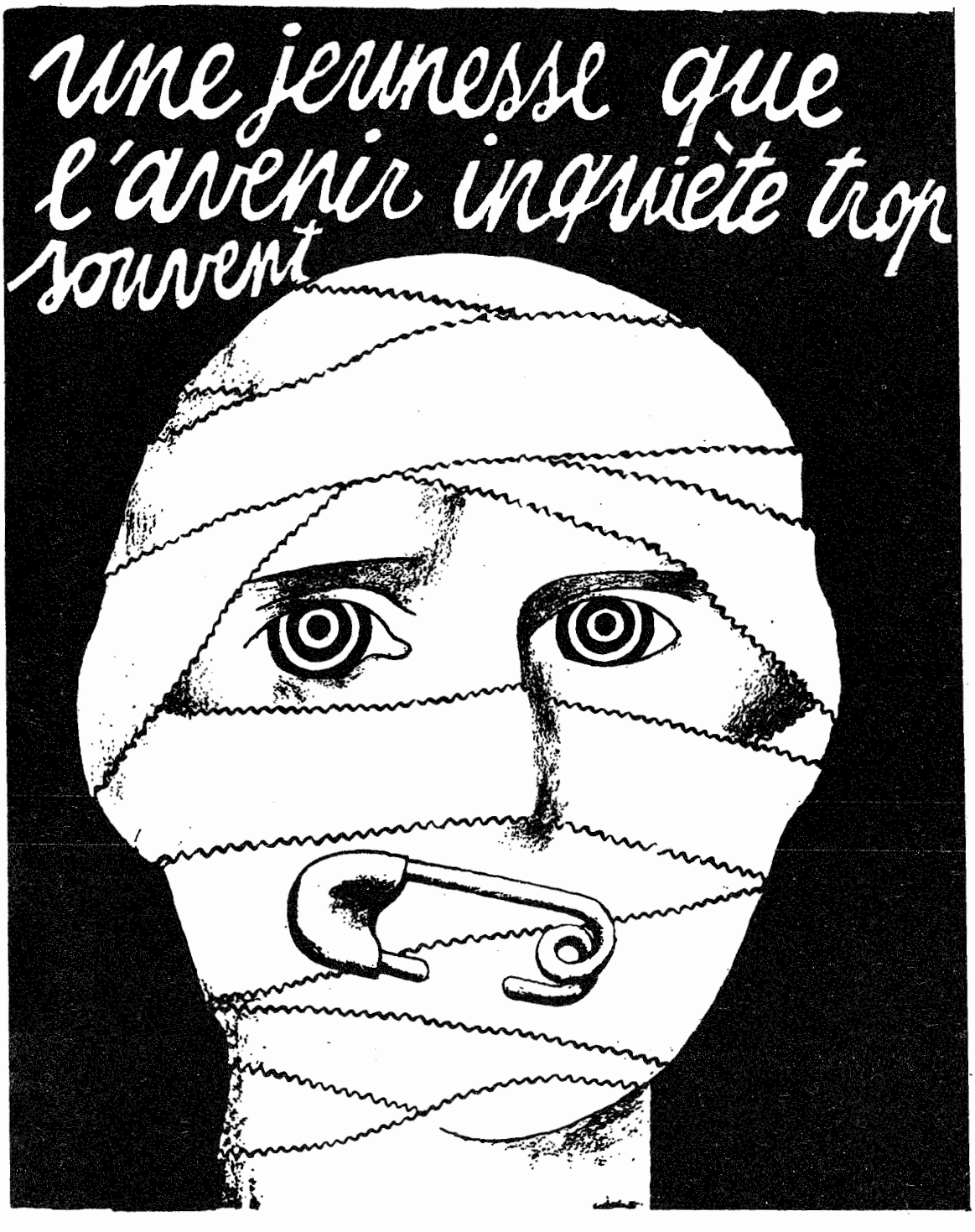
I do not suggest that conscription is undemocratic. There is nothing in the theory or practice of democracy that disallows the use of coercion when backed by a majority. If 90% of Australians wanted conscription I would still oppose it as I would a decision by 90% of the Germans to kill all Jews.

If conscription is both legal and democratic,it is still nothing more than legal and democratic slavery. Think of a conscript; think of a slave.....

I am free to the extent that I can follow my own conscience - when I do so,I am acting as a free man - to be 22 and in goal is what it means to be free in Australia to-day.

michael matteson

" To be governed is to be....
marked down,recorded,inventoried,priced,
stamped,measured,numbered,assessed,
licensed,authorized,sanctioned,endorsed,
reprimanded,obstructed,reformed,rebuked,
chastized..." Proudhon



youth disturbed too often by the future

procession of events propels any observor further & further to the periphery of the system until he breaks through to outlaw - from this perspective he judges the sytem not as an elitist but as one free from hopes,fears & possesions. Now he can freely say where that system is murderous,what changes must be made & which evil men are so mired in its workings that they cannot survive its passing. Each expansion of conciousness is hard won...the old order never sees nor does it give up,hard behind the enragees,picking up yesterdays anger to wear as todays trivia.It engulfs thought with the trite understanding of the parasite drinking from a living stream. We can finally see & we protest this poisonous way of life! We break loose with all our strength,smash the meaningless taboos that keep us apart....time beats us savagely about the head with tasks,duties & honours till it takes a dreadful effort of will to push away into the sun of our own freedom. There we meet in anger,finding a dazzling kinship..the liberation of desire,the public proclaimation & enactment of that liberation in all its forms is a statement about the desparation of life.
We forsake our privacy,our solitude,to bring the smells of our music,our laughter,our bodies,to the streetsin purity & annonymously we transmit energy -like sparks we leap the pavement to splatter against the closed minds. whoever there is that refuses to bow to the crushing & meaningless toil for triffles,those footslogging to the drum of someone's forgotten or paranoid courses will find himself prey of this society. We have all broken the law. We have smoked as the antidote to the mad repression,burst with joy at the courage of a brave people,sought in our lonliness the free taking of another persons body. Every person who has a measure of wisdom or truth,every person who has an idea of freedom,every person who looks out of time to the future;everyone has been dragged down ,misunderstood & met in hatred.When people go to jail because they have no name & no credentials,when they are persecuted for their outrageous fragmentation of time.,when their intellect slips just enough to reveal their imagination & they are beaten up for this- I call this fascism. The state I call a police state & its institutions I see as foul instruments of torture. Evil men blind themselves to preserve blatant inequalities,oppression & an artificial status quo. They are vulnerable to nothing less than the natural outgrowing of the people. Conciousness is organic. It is embodied within the people - an awareness of where freedom lies. The law is a structure,non-organic & strangling - where we have outgrown it,the law must succumb or be smashed.

albert rotstein.

The Liberal Party Victorian conference yesterday called on the Federal Government to set up a Senate committee of inquiry into the activities of anti-democratic organisations in Australia.
The motion, carried by the narrowest margin, said the committee should report on the activities of the "so-called forces of student protest, political demonstrators who subvert law and order and other elements apparently intent on the destruction of our social heritage, parliamentary government, public administration and free enterprise."
bashing charges priority
YOUTH IS LOOKIN' FOR NEW ANSWERS.
More students crack under campus pressure

Come to Canberra Commune

June 27 & 28

SMASH SEATO

BE THERE!

radio resistance

When we take the streets again,let's not forget the lessons of the chinese. Let's take the streets,not only as political activists,but as cultural revolutionaries. We must annihilate the sordid "reality"of bourgeois everyday life,and replace it with the Festival. Only in this way can we reveal the hoax of modern existance,that major crime of the State, "where the slow suicide of all - is called life" Anarchism must explode in the streets as the intoxicating leap of the soul that can save modern man from 'state power,armed force,the intensification of compulsion and terrorism' - what is anrchism? A last taste of the fruits of the fantastic.An answer to the pious & obsolete religion of marxist-lenninism & the deadly mental illness of fascism. Anarchism the dream of poets,musicians,madmen,hermits,heretics,visionaries,rebels & skeptics;the new energy of the revolution - the young,the outsiders,strangers exiles & pilgrims,prisoners in jails - for the 'proletariat has failed its " revolutionary mission" years ago buried under a mountain of trivia,and the historical dialectic is no longer linked by a "subject"but demands an action' Smash the beaurocratic-totalitarian state & end the flight from being. Return to the streets.in a mass ceremony of ecstasy with your brothers & sisters. Remember: Revolution really is the Festival of the Oppressed!

notes on contributors: tim pigott anarchist activist & poet edited ASSASSIN last year; werner pick german anarchist activist & 'poet seeking home';suzy sarovich anarchist poet & MA(philosophy)student at melbourne university brian medlin revolutionary socialist activist & poet & professor of politics at flinders university in adelaide;brett whiteley sydney artist exhibited in london new york & everywhere in aust; joel elenberg melbourne artist & ancrhist anarchist edited ASSASSIN last year; gale shin eurasian artist & anarcho-buddhist;geoff egglestone melbourne poet & pioneer member of La Mama group of writers;shelton lea sydney poet;michael matteson anarchist draft resister famous for many spectacular escapes from commonwealth fuzz;albert rotstein high energy street actor & final year medical student at St Vincent's Hospital in melbourne;PORCUPINE is Roger McCart RAM member & student at melbourne university.

edited by tim werner & suzy with layout by andrew in adelaide & finally got together at Empire Times Press operated by nigel at flinders university with the help of the flinders SRC adelaide Box 159 P.O. Fitzroy Victoria 3065.